

A PRIZE-WINNING LETTER.

A Father's Terrible Confession and His Remorse.

The American Magazine has been offering prizes for the best letters entitled, "The Meanest Thing I Ever Did." In the June issue the prize-winning letters are published. The first prize was awarded to the following letter—a father's terrible confession:

"A great, strong, Swedish farmer told it to me—this story of the meanest thing—told it to me with tears and sobbing, after a lapse of eighteen years.

"You know my son Christian?" he began. "It happened when Christian was ten years old, and Peter was only eight.

"Every night all summer long, Christian and Peter had brought the cow from the pasture and had kept her out of the lucern lots where the fence was down along the way.

"On the 5th of October the school teacher took them to the hills to gather flowers and autumn leaves. They came home after dark, tired out, and finding no one at home, crept up stairs and went to bed. They were sleeping soundly when their mother came a few minutes later, and she had not the heart to ask them to go for the cow.

"I helped Rasmussen dig the last ten feet of his well that day, and when we had finished he invited me to supper. After that we sat for a long while enjoying our pipes and stories, so it was 11 o'clock when I got home.

"When I came to the kitchen I saw that the milk had not been set in the window to cool. Then I was angry. I took the pail and went out to milk. The cow was not in the barn. Now, I was furious.

"I took up a loose halter strap that hung over the stall and rushed up to the boys' bed room, muttering and banging doors as I went. My wife in her night dress, stepped before me at the head of the stairs and tried to explain. I pushed her aside and bade her hold her tongue. I am ashamed to tell it, how, I, a great big brute of a man, stood over those two crying, pleading, trembling, writhing, helpless little boys, my own flesh and blood, and whipped them lash upon lash.

"When I paused for breath Peter sobbed, 'Father, what is it for?'

"What is it for?" I repeated savagely. "Come, I will show you what it is for!"

"I dragged them from their bed by the arms, one in each of my monster hands, down the stairs, out into the night and a mile away, down to the pasture bars.

"The cow stood at the bars, and when I had let her out the two little fellows freed their hands from mine and drove her home.

"In the morning Peter did not get up. I had relented by this time and ordered that he was not to be awakened till noon. At noon he was in a burning fever and talked deliriously about the cow. Dr. Davis came and said it was pneumonia. A week later we laid him away.

"Christian did not get whipped any more, and he has forgiven me years ago; but I would give my life and all I possess to know that at the last I could clasp little Peter in my arms and know that he forgives me, too."

The Hessian Fly.

The Hessian fly, of which we begin to hear early in the spring, with supplementary information as the season advances, is no newcomer to the United States. The fly was first noticed on Staten island, New York, in 1776, and is supposed to have been introduced into this country during the Revolutionary war, by the Hessian troops, and hence the name. The fly spread rapidly over New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, and before the end of the eighteenth century had crossed the Allegheny mountains. This gnat or midge, the body of which is about a tenth of an inch long, is very destructive to grain, especially to wheat. The fly has two broods yearly, in the spring and in the fall. It lays its eggs, 25 to 30, in the leaf of the young plant. Four days of warm weather hatch the brood and the larvae crawl near the ground, where they fix themselves to the main stalk. Here they suck the sap and the plant withers and dies. The larvae in five or six weeks become full grown flies. Fortunately for the wheat grower, the Hessian fly has enemies, parasitic insects which prey upon the larvae, otherwise the efforts to keep down the increase by burning the stubble would amount to little. Among these enemies is the ichneumon fly, so called after the mongoons, which is the special foe of snakes and rats.—Indianapolis News.

Sparrow Hawk Commissary.

Pigeons are raising in the old water tank near the passenger station. They enter at a hole near the bottom of the tank. A sparrow hawk has found their nest and now makes a business of feasting on squabs.—Sanford Express.

COST OF LIVING IN AMERICA.

Higher Than Ever Before, Says Government Report.

Washington, June 16.—The cost of living is higher than ever before in the United States, as far as government statistics show, and is increasing each year.

In 1914 the year's cost of filling the market basket of the average working man's family was \$6.68 higher than it was in 1913 and \$6.43 higher than it was in 1907, calculating on relative price figures announced today by the federal bureau of labor statistics as a result of its recent investigation of retail prices.

These figures represent prices of fifteen articles aggregating approximately two-thirds of the expenditure for food by the average working man's family. The cost of these articles in 1913 was \$333.90, making the 1914 cost \$340.58, while in 1907 it was \$280.15. Calculating these amounts as two-thirds of the working man's family food expenditure, the total spent for food in these years would be: 1913, \$500.85; 1914, \$510.87, and 1907, \$410.20. The bureau's investigation covered 44 important industrial cities, representing 33 states. It showed retail food prices in the period 1907 to 1914 reached the highest point in 1914, while the lowest price was in 1907.

This, however, is not true of each article. Flour, for instance, was 5.3 per cent. higher in 1909 than in 1914. Sugar, which reached a remarkably high point in August, 1914, was 7.9 per cent. lower for the year 1914 than for the year 1911, and was also lower for the year 1912. All meats were higher in 1914 than in any of the seven preceding years. Except for lard and such articles as are affected by occasional changes, the highest price during the year was either in August or September.

The Old Time Darkey.

Confederate veterans of Mobile will suggest at the reunion in Richmond this week that a monument be erected to the faithful negro slaves of the South.

This suggestion is worth serious consideration. The faithful slave should not be forgotten. The old time mammy, or "uncle" command the respect of us all. Their love for "marster," the "missus" and the "chilluns," was an unselfish, love. Their faithfulness was an unreasoning sort of devotion, which gave much and asked little. In song and in story this type of negro is brought before us for the present day. Thomas Nelson Page, Joel Chandler Harris and others have enriched the pages of their writings by accounts of this unique type of character. Uncle Remus and the old darkey who told the story of Marse Chan as well as he who related the romance of Me Lady, exemplifying a type of negro who now is fast becoming extinct.

The South owes something to these old slaves. Theirs was a devotion too strong to be forgotten. Many a time have the ladies of the South been left in the care of slaves, and the last drop of the slave's blood would have been spilled ere the ladies could have been harmed. There were mean slaves of course, and also there were mean masters. But we are talking of the good slaves, the property of good masters. As body servants some of these went through the war with the men who owned them. As house servants others stayed at home to look after the comfort of the ladies and children. The incidents are few where the slaves of high type proved false to trust placed in them. The incidents are many where these slaves showed admirable devotion to duty.

Because of the former relations between the Confederate soldiers and the slaves, it is particularly appropriate that the former should consider a memorial to his old time servant. Faithfulness to trust is not a virtue so common that it calls for special recognition. The old time negro is not a type so common that we can afford to forget about him. He has earned a place in literature, though there are very few authors who have portrayed him with any degree of success. Some of our writers have kept fresh our ideas of the old time darkey. But the South as a whole has not erected a monument to one of its most unique types. The building of a monument to the devoted slaves would be a pretty thing for the South to do. It would show appreciation of worth. It would aid in preserving the memory of a class of negroes the last of whom are now rapidly passing away. Possibly the monument would be inspirational, not only to negroes, but to white people too, for in this ante-bellum darkey there were many traits which merit a consideration higher than an indulgent, cursory survey.—Greenville News.

Huerta must have swelled with pride as he watched the naval review at New York and realized that this was the mighty armada which couldn't make him salute.—News and Courier.

JUDGE OF THE MOONSHINERS.

Kentucky Mountaineers Have Confidence in Hon. A. M. J. Cochran.

In the interesting people department of the April American Magazine, appears an article about Judge A. M. J. Cochran, a federal judge who, a part of the time sits in Breathitt county, Kentucky—which, by the way, is no longer bloody. However, they still make lots of illicit whiskey in Kentucky and these mountaineers are constantly up before Judge Cochran who, although a just judge, treats them like a father and tries to make them see that what they do is really wrong and against the law. Following is an extract from the article about Judge Cochran:

"From eight o'clock in the morning until nearly six at night, I sat in the court room and watched the ragged, pathetic line of moonshiners and bootleggers go by. There was no bitterness in their faces; rather, they were perplexed, mystified. Why should the government 'parsecute' them for making their own corn into whiskey, in their own homes, any more than for making their corn into bread in their own ovens? Couldn't the officer ever understand that the bad roads made it impossible for them to get their corn to market in any except liquid form? A few little dollars—what was that to a big, strong government? But when your total family income for the year is only seventy-five dollars, and you see your corn going to waste—

"It was a wearisome business. They were so awkward, so slow in their answers, so childlike in their mental processes. The judge had told me in the morning that his head ached terribly. Toward evening I expected to see his patience break, his self-control explode in a burst of righteous wrath upon their tedious dullness. But no explosion came. Long after the lights were on he sat there, and it was still:

"Come up, Henry," or "Joe, you'll have to speak a little louder," or, "Now, Jim, just tell the jury in your own way how that still could be in your corn field for six months and you not know it."

"I have been in other federal court rooms where the judge sat behind mahogany and a cathedral-like silence. There was only a plain oak desk in the Jackson county court house—and no silence; all day long men shuffle in and out, while witnesses and jurors, lawyers and spectators alike spat with studied precision upon the floor. But there was dignity just the same—and with it a wonderfully transforming spirit of kindness.

"Over against some distressing criticisms of the courts I like to place the picture of that rude room in Bloody Breathitt, with its friendly central figure at the simple desk.

"Ten thousand ragged, wide-eyed men and boys have stood before Judge Cochran in the past thirteen years, mumbering their threadbare pleas. And one might think, to hear him calling their names, that they were his grown-up children, and he the moonshiners' father instead of the moonshiners' judge."

Get Acquainted With Your Neighbor.

"Get acquainted with your neighbor." Perhaps you have had the experience of taking a dislike to some one on account of some minor personal habit or mannerism. Perhaps this dislike has been deepened with time until you reach the state of mind that you not only would do nothing to assist the person, but where you might go out of your way to prevent him doing something for himself which would be to his profit. Such states of mind are quite common. And then perhaps something will happen that will show that you were entirely mistaken in your estimate of the person. Perhaps you may get acquainted with him! And perhaps you will find that what you thought was a lump of clay is a piece of priceless metal.

"Get acquainted with your neighbor." Talk over with him the various all live out in the country: neither do the townsman's neighbors all live within the corporation. The farmer has business in town, and the merchants, mechanics, bankers, railroad men, lawyers, doctors, etc., all do business with the farmers—lots of it. Get acquainted with the folks that you meet in a business way. A personal acquaintance will often make a business transaction much easier.

"Get acquainted with your neighbor." Talk over with him the various problems that you have in common. Perhaps there will come a time when you will feel well enough acquainted to consult him about some of the things that concern you only, but in which his advice will be helpful to you. Perhaps you will be able to help him in settling some matter that may be worrying him. Do not confide in every one. That is not wise. But you will never know the character and disposition of folks, and whether or not you can confide in them, until you really know them.—Ohio Farmer.

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Bids and samples are hereby requested in accordance with the Dispensary Law now in force for the following goods to be furnished the State of South Carolina for the use of the County Dispensary Board of Bamberg county, South Carolina. Liquors to be shipped in car load lots, except Beer, freight prepaid to Bamberg, S. C., to-wit:

All kinds of corn, rye, gin, wines and brandies, both in bulk and bottled in full 1-2 pints, pints and quarts.

Beers in pints and quarts to be delivered at Bamberg, Denmark, Ehrhardt and Olar, S. C.

Also bids on empty bottles, 1-2 pint, pints and quarts, in dispensary cases, cork and tin foil.

All goods shall be furnished in compliance with and subject to the terms and conditions of the Dispensary law of 1907, and bidders must observe the following rules:

1. All bids must be sealed and there shall be no signature or mark upon the envelope indicating the name of the bidder.

2. All bids must be sent by express or registered letter to Geo. A. Jennings, Treasurer, Bamberg, S. C., on or before Monday, July 5, 1915.

3. The contract will be awarded to the lowest responsible bidder, the board reserving the right to reject any or all bids, or parts of bids.

The Board requires that on all bids submitted the age and proof of all goods shall be stated, and bids shall be in gallons, 1-2 gallons, quarts, pints and 1-2 pints.

Bids will be opened at the office of the County Board, Bamberg, S. C., on July 5, 1915.

J. M. Grimes,
Chairman.

J. B. Kearse,
W. H. Faust.

Board of Control County Dispensaries, Bamberg County, South Carolina.

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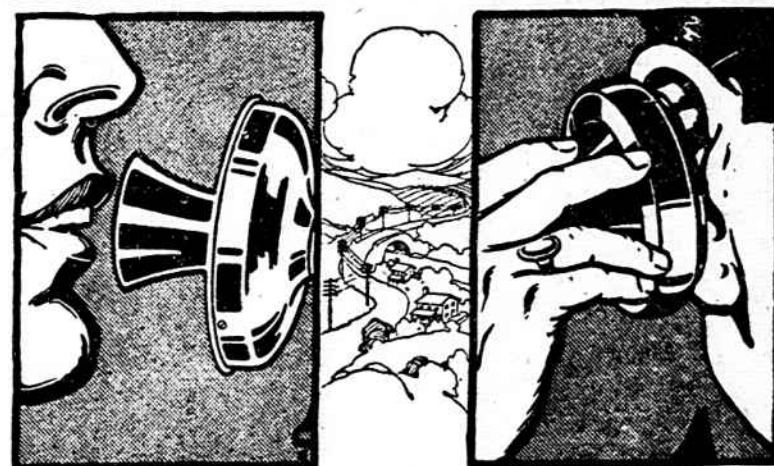
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